

"THERE'S so little to leave with you, Nadine," said Dick Crosby anxiously, as he and Nadine with Martin, nine, Jud, seven, and the twins, Alma and Alice, four, gathered around the diningroom table in a small cottage on a plain street, to count all the money they had in the world. Big brother Dick was off the next morning to take a position for the summer far up in the timber country. The pay was excellent; but being absent from his young brothers and sisters for three long months worried Dick, despite their fine loyalty to him and the ideals he had so patiently tried to teach them. "Good Old Faithfuls," Dick called them; and my! how proud they were of that, even to little Alma and Alice!

For the past two years, ever since the loss of their parents, Dick had supported the brood; Nadine, thirteen, had mothered them. Dick was twenty, and brave and strong and ambitious; but wages were low and the family large; it had been impossible to put anything in the bank. Then came this position in the timber lands. With the salary went board and room; Dick didn't dare refuse it.

"If I only had more money to leave with them," he lamented, emptying his pockets of all except his railroad fare, "I'd certainly feel easier. But this stingy twenty dollars to do almost a month, maybe more if my check should reach me late."

To Nadine he said:

"Here is the chance of your life, Old Faithful, to show skill in managing. You'll have to count every nickel. Buy only what you absolutely have to have! You'll make it if you're careful. You must be careful, for," and here Dick's face took on a very stern expression, "the Crosbys stand on their own feet, remember! The Good Old Faithfuls never depend upon others—they depend on themselves!"

Five pairs of eyes rested solemnly upon Dick's face; five heads nodded agreement.

"The Good Old Faithfuls will stand by



The Good Old Faithfuls

A COLONEL PEPPERPOD STORY

By Grace Downey Tinkham

their principles, Dickie," firmly assured Nadine. "We'll get along."

Dick left the next morning cheered on his way by the little family.

"Not a tear or a long face!" Nadine cautioned the others. "This is new, hard work for Dickie; we must send him away happy, so he will do his best."

Bravely they did; kissing, hugging, and joking they managed a jolly send-off.

"We won't even buy a lollipop until you come home, Dickie," piped the twins as Dick swung off down the street. "Then we'll buy a million!" they giggled.

All went well with the Crosbys for two days—until the storm. Throughout the night rain pelted steadily upon the little cottage. It leaked through the roof and dripped upon Jud's bed. Little Jud arose the next morning with a headache and a thick feeling in his throat. Nadine

wrapped him in warm blankets and plied him with hot drinks. Still, the cold persisted, and during the following night Jud tossed wildly and said strange things. Nadine hurried Martin for the kind old doctor who lived in the next street.

"Keep him warm," said he when an examination of Jud's throat and chest had been made. "And see that he eats. Jud is not very strong; his appetite should be tempted. Get him whatever he wants."

Obediently Nadine followed Dr. Black's advice. But how it took the money! Poor little Jud developed a craving for the most expensive foods. Nothing else could he touch. Nadine had to skimp herself and the others. But at the end of two weeks Jud was himself again, and Nadine drew a long, deep breath of relief.

Now she had to turn her attention to other things. There was the roof to be mended; the doctor to pay.

"Dickie was always prompt about meeting the doctor bill," she reminded herself. "I'll have to settle that right away."

She did, and although the kind little doctor made his fee as light as he possibly

could with a large family of his own to support, it made a big hole in the Crosby funds. And by the time Nadine had paid the carpenter for repairing the roof, the little girl was desperate.

"Marty," she said to Martin one night after the others had been put to bed, "we have two weeks—perhaps more—to run before Dickie can get money to us—and we have only seven dollars to do it on. Do you think we can? These extra expenses have eaten in terribly on our finances!"

Sturdy Martin wrinkled his smooth brow, and puzzled.

"Only seven left," he said. "I should say we couldn't live on that? Why it must cost about five each week just to feed this bunch!"

"Then what shall we do?" asked Nadine, knowing that this sharing of her responsi-

bilities would be good for Martin. Martin had always shown a tendency to shirk hard things, or things that held no appeal for him. Dick had often to scold him about it. "We must figure some way, Marty—you and I."

Martin thought. After a while he suggested that he run errands. Martin liked running errands; they took him on all sorts of adventures.

"That wouldn't be steady enough," objected Nadine. "It has to be something we can depend upon."

Martin squirmed in the effort to concentrate, sprawling far over the edge of the diningroom table at which they sat, and idly fingering the half-finished wash-cloth in Nadine's work-basket in front of him.

"Sell some of our vegetables—soon's they get big enough," said he.

"They're not ready and won't be for some time," returned his sister. "Anyway, we have only enough for ourselves."

Martin's hand moved impatiently; the basket was overturned, its contents spilled upon the table. For a full minute, Nadine's eyes glued to the twine wash-cloth. She looked as if she were seeing it for the first time. Joyously she snatched it up.

"Marty, here's the answer!" she cried. "We'll make twine wash-cloths and sell them!"

"We? Wash-cloths?" Martin eyed her. "Yes. You, Jud, and I. I'll teach you to knit."

"You will not!" Martin rolled his eyes disgustedly. "I'm no girl—I'll not knit!"

Nadine straightened her slender shoulders, and her lips tightened.

"I'd never be able to do it alone," said she. "You and Jud will have to help."

"No old knitting for me!" Martin declared stubbornly. "Why, the fellows would laugh themselves sick if they ever found out!"

"Big men knit during the war," Nadine argued quietly. "They were not ashamed!"

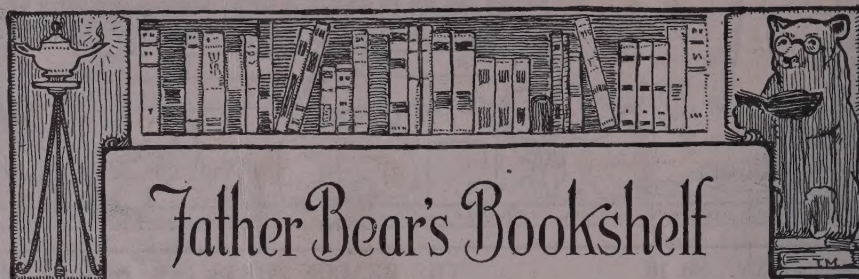
"I'm not going to knit! I'm no sissy! We'll borrow!"

"Borrow!" Nadine's voice shamed. "And after all Dickie's teaching! Martin, are you being a Good Old Faithful?"

But Martin didn't answer. He abruptly stamped off to bed. And two days passed with the distressing sight constantly before his eyes of Jud—a boy!—clumsily plying the knitting needles with Nadine!

Then one evening four days later, Nadine returned from a trip to town with the happy news that she had sold the eight wash-cloths she and Jud had made and had the eighty cents to prove it. She had taken them straight to the church bazaar which was in charge of Aunt Plumey, Colonel Pepperpod's sister, and they had gone like hot cakes.

"All the twine used I had saved from grocery packages," she went gaily on. "No money invested! So, hurrah, Juddy!"



— Speaking of Tony Sarg —

FOR children from 6 to 60," says Mr. Sarg; but there is really no reason why a wide-awake petogonarian should be deprived of the pleasures of this book. It is certain to delight any child, and those persons of maturer years who can find in it no exhilaration deserve to be locked up for the remainder of their lives in a law library, or, better still, to be sentenced to listen for a thousand and one nights to bedtime stories over the radio.

— And Again —

Tony Sarg's "Book for Children," which Greenberg, Inc., has just published, is now available in de luxe form. There are 300 copies, each of which contains an original signed drawing by Mr. Sarg. The price is \$50.



Seems to me that all the writers wanted to sneak away to the circus this year—so they took 'em to—

THE FRIENDS OF DIGGELDY DAN.

By Edwin P. Norwood. The wonderful circus clown and his animal friends visit the king of Jangleland. Illustrated in color. \$1.75.

— AND —

Everybody's reading **LIONS 'N' TIGERS 'N' EVERYTHING,** by Courtney Ryley Cooper.

— AND —

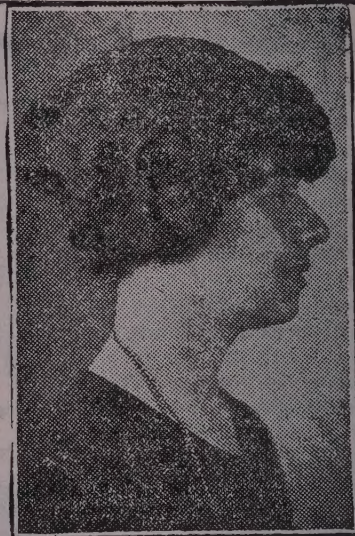
DOCTOR DOLLITTLE'S CIRCUS. By Hugh Lofting. Illustrated by the author. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co. \$2.50.

CLOWN TOWN. By Dixie Willson. Illustrated by Erick Berry. Garden City, N. Y.: Doubleday, Page & Co.

she suddenly cried, catching Jud's hands and skipping up and down the room with him. "We've started a business, you and I. Let's call it The Good Old Faithful Wash-cloth Company!"

"Oh, we want to be in it too!" insisted the twins. But Martin remained silent, looking sullenly on.

Toward the end of the week, one evening after the supper dishes had been washed and put away, there came a rap at the door. Nadine answered,—and in walked seven persons and a dog. Aunt Plumey,



BUELAH KING

Gloucester Girl, Who is Author of "Ruffs and Pompons," a Charming Juvenile Published by Little, Brown & Co.

Remember her stories in THE BEACON?

THOSE who have read Mrs. Eliot's charming fairy tale, "The Wind Boy," will expect to find a delicate spiritual quality in everything she writes.

— Especially in **THE HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THINGS** by our own Beacon Press, Inc.

Exceedingly Sweet, Is Twelfth Night Story

PERIN: A Tale of Twelfth Night. By Evalene Stein. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. \$1.50

Being on my Bookshelf AND Illustrated by the same Artist who did my heading

Colonel Pepperpod, Trix, Jimmy, Ned, boys living with the colonel on Twilliger Hill; besides Marcella Winters and Marjory Lee, whom they had gathered on the way; and Chappy the Airedale.

"Well, here we are," said the jolly little colonel as the party crowded into the cottage, "knitting needles and all! Aunt Plumey is thrifty too about saving the wrapping twine; she brought along two large balls."

"And there is more when that runs out," said good Aunt Plumey. "But this will

be plenty for tonight. Now," she went on as soon as all were settled about the living-room, "I believe every one knows how to knit—and I'm sure every one is willing! Let us see how many we can finish for Nadine this evening."

Nadine's pretty eyes almost danced out of her head.

"Oh, this is wonderful of you!" she exclaimed. "Just wonderful—helping like this!"

Little red-haired Jimmy sidled near her to a seat on a corner of the couch.

"Ned and Trix and I learned after we heard what you were doing," he confided. "At first we didn't want to—much. But it doesn't hurt us! Say, it doesn't hurt us a bit!"

Around the room, the chatting flew. All were laughing and happy and busy—all but Martin. He sat at one end of the room scornfully staring at the others.

"It's all right for girls and women," ran his stormy thoughts, "but boys and men! Ugh! Knitting!"

But there swept over him a guilty feeling. He was the only person idle in the room. And he was the only unhappy one!

He lifted miserable eyes and met the calm gaze of Trix. He had always liked Trix. Trix now motioned to him and eagerly Martin went to him.

"I'll show you how," Trix said in a whisper. "Get in and learn, Marty. We don't like it any better than you do—but we're playing the game!"

After that night how thankful Martin was that he had taken Trix' advice and played the game! If he hadn't, he could not hold his head so high—if he hadn't, he could never again have been classed with The Good Old Faithfuls! So he worked with Nadine and Jud, steadily, uncomplainingly, intensely interested in the success of their little venture.

Then came Dick at the close of summer.

One afternoon he suddenly walked in on them, and stopped short inside the livingroom doorway when he saw what they were doing—Nadine, Martin, Jud, knitting, busily knitting!

"Well, of all things!" he exclaimed. "What sort of new game is this?"

"This is no game, you better believe!" hotly corrected little Jud. "This is business!"

"Business!" gasped Dick.

"This is The Good Old Faithful Washcloth Company," Martin informed. "Hours from eleven to twelve, and from one to two. And maybe we don't produce—and sell!"

Dick stared, the stare quickly giving way to a glorious light in his nice eyes as Nadine explained about the leaky roof, Jud's illness, the depleted funds—and the wash-cloths! And now the new bank account with part of the money Dickie had sent and which they had not had to use

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RHYMES AND RECIPES

Caramel Bread Pudding



Two eggs, 3 cupfuls bread crumbs, 1 quart hot milk, grated nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt, 1 cupful sugar, 4 tablespoonfuls shortening, 1 teaspoonful lemon extract, whipped cream. Put the shortening, salt, and crumbs

into a bowl, add the hot milk and soak ten minutes. Melt the sugar and brown it in a small dish over the fire, then add to the bread, with eggs well beaten, and

flavorings. Pour into a greased pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven till firm. Serve with whipped cream.

INDOOR SNOWBALLS

BY MARJORIE DILLON

Today we made some snowballs,
(They wouldn't hurt a fly!)
And then we had a battle bold,
The twins and Dick and I.

Tonight we're making snowballs,
A diff'rent kind, oh, yes!
Of fluffy flakes we like to eat—
They're popcorn, did you guess?

The Surprise Party

BY M. WILMA STUBBS

MURIEL, John and Carl Lynott were always bubbling over with new ideas, usually good ones, too. Their latest was—well, they had not as yet told any one what it was.

"Oh, guessing is good for—let me see, what is it good for?—I have it, guessing is good for the health," Muriel would reply, laughing merrily, when the girls at school besieged her for information. Invariably she added, "Remember the conditions."

Muriel and her brothers were to entertain the Neighborhood Club. When the eventful day came at last, it brought with it clear skies and bright, crisp, winter sunshine, just the day for brisk outdoor exercise.

"Why do you suppose Muriel insisted on a wool frock and thick wool gloves?" queried Hazel Ferguson, as she tossed a string of red beads about her neck and viewed the effect in the mirror with satisfaction.

"I can't imagine unless her program takes us out on the veranda or into the garage for a part of the afternoon," answered Edna Woodruff.

One by one, as the members arrived, Muriel inspected the girls and John and Carl looked the boys over to see that they had fulfilled conditions.

"You have just come and we are going to send you right away again," laughed Muriel, as she began bringing forth the wraps they had just taken off.

In a trice the boys and girls were wrapped snugly in their warm winter togs. Then Carl announced, "We shall call the roll alphabetically. Muriel, get busy with the bandages."

"Blindfolding! This is growing interesting," the guests exclaimed with eager anticipation. They were whirled away in autos. After a ride of fifteen or twenty

minutes spent in guessing where they were going they came to a stop at a point where two roads met. All around stretched the snowy landscape unbroken to the horizon save for a solitary farmhouse at some distance down one of the roads. Near at hand, however, they had visible proof that they had not left behind them the world of their human kinsfolk. A long horse sled, boarded in at the sides to the height of about two feet, was covered with evergreen, in which gleamed bunches of bright red berries. Flags flew at the four corners and pine boughs and tiny flags decorated the harness of the horses that were pawing impatiently, eager to be off.

"Hello, folks, and a hearty welcome," shouted the boy drivers of the waiting coach. "Pile in and we'll soon be under steam."

It wasn't a long distance and it was besides such a merry crowd that the ride was over before it seemed to have begun. A big farmhouse with broad verandas all around it and large, neatly-painted barns at a little distance away appeared.

"Give the girls a good time, Flossie, while we are unharnessing," the boy drivers called to a girl who had thrown open the hall door and was already ushering her guests into the warm, cheery livingroom.

"What's this?" questioned Edna Woodruff, reaching her hand toward a covered pile of something in the front hall.

"Hands off, please," warned Flossie.

By the time the girls were warmed through and through, the boys came trooping in, ready for the next number on the program. Bert Holbrook promptly attacked the strange object in the hall.

"Touch not, taste not, handle not," warned John Lynott, forcibly pulling the boy away from the tantalizing secret.

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THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR
25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Among Our Schools

BY THE EDITOR



How many of our schools have a choir from their own number to lead the singing? The Editor knows of two—the school of First Church, Providence; the school of the First Unitarian Society in West Newton, and a vested choir at Winthrop, Mass. These choirs meet for rehearsal during the week, and not only receive good musical instruction themselves but give service in leading the music of their schools. Will other schools having choirs report to the Editor? Now that the new Beacon Hymnal is ready for our schools, there is an added reason for giving care-

ful attention to the music, that our schools may learn the new hymns and carols there found. Some schools have a leader and a period at the opening of the session, set apart for practice of new music. At King's Chapel School, Dr. Richard Cabot is acting as leader for the music which the school is learning for its pageant service December 21, in the chapel at King's Chapel House, and for the carol service in King's Chapel on December 28.

Three members of the Unitarian Church School in Lawrence, Kansas, Elspeth Hill, Anne Kent and Louis Kent, have won the gold pin in the Cross and Crown system. This means perfect attendance for a long period, and shows true loyalty to the school.

The picture we publish here shows something worth while that one of our schools found to do. It is a float representing the Church School of Ridgewood, N. J., in the Fourth of July parade. Other church schools in the village, business houses, fraternal and secret societies, participated in the celebration of the day. This float was judged to be one of the most artistic in the procession, and it took one of the prizes. Congratulations to the members of the school (more than are shown in the picture) who took part in this community celebration, and who are, we are told, enthusiastic readers of *The Beacon*.

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The Enchanted House

By Gertrude Winham Fielder

CHAPTER II

"SOMEbody's stolen the car!" said Pauline in an awestruck voice.

"The gypsies!" cried Bobbie and Betty together.

"Nonsense," retorted Aunt Jean.

"But where is it?" came in a chorus.

"Nature provided me with two eyes and I am going to use them," answered Aunt Jean briskly. As she spoke she walked rapidly down the road and disappeared around the bend.

Five young people and a dog immediately gave chase. As they in turn rounded the bend, they saw, to their amazement and relief, a long, dark blue car standing by the roadside.

"Where was it?" "Who took it?" "Is it our car?" were some of the questions they hurled at Aunt Jean.

"When Nature provided me with two

eyes, she gave me but one tongue," said Aunt Jean laughing down at the group. "I'll endeavor, however, to answer all questions in time. Jump in, we've got to race that thunder cloud."

"I'll tell you what I think," said Pauline, as the car rolled swiftly along, "the gypsies took our car and—"

"Don't be foolish, Polly," said Aunt Jean, "the boys did not even see a gypsy."

"I think the car was right where we left it," said Ethel.

"Of course it was," said Aunt Jean, "my bump of location played me false, that is all. We came out of the woods at a different point from where we entered and so the mystery is explained."

"I heard thunder, Auntie Jean!" cried Ethel.

It was thunder. The wind was rising, the trees bowing before it.

"We'll soon come to a village at the rate we are going," said Aunt Jean.

"Who's to have first turn to choose the house where we shall stop?" Pauline wanted to know.

"I don't think we'll have time to make a choice, Polly," replied Aunt Jean; "just stop at the first one we come to and rat-at-tat-tat-may-we-come-in, on the door."

"I'll do the rat-at-tat for you, good and loud, Auntie Jean," promised Paul.

"I've no doubt of it, Paul," said Aunt Jean.

The blue car raced on. The dark clouds raced too, the waters of the river on the right of the road reflecting the hue of the sky.

"I don't believe anyone lives on this road," said Pauline, when a little girl sprang out from the bushes at one side, and running out into the middle of the road, waved both arms.

"Please give me a ride," she cried, as Aunt Jean stopped the car.

"Hop in," said Aunt Jean. "Where is your home, little girl?"

"No place," answered the little girl. Climbing into the car she threw herself upon the floor at the feet of the three nieces, who gazed at her, round-eyed.

"Oh, but you must live somewhere," said Aunt Jean, amazed at the child's answer and action. "Tell us where you live quickly, for we are in a hurry."

"I'm going where you're going," returned the little girl.

"But your mother won't know where you are," objected Aunt Jean.

The little girl made no answer.

"Have you run away from home?" demanded Pauline.

"Haven't got any," replied the little girl.

"Who takes care of you?" asked Ethel.

"I do," said the little girl.

As no amount of coaxing could draw out any information whatsoever from this strange little girl, Aunt Jean started the car, determined however to stop at the first house they came to and make inquiries about her.

The blue car had continued on its way for some time when Paul, who was standing up in the automobile, cried out suddenly, "I see a house! I see a house! It's small, though."

"Never mind about the size," said Aunt Jean, "any size will do. Do you see a barn too?"

"Yes," said Paul, "a big one."

"Good!" cried Aunt Jean, "we can run the car in, if the owner is willing."

A sharp flash of lightning and Aunt Jean turned the car into a narrow lane. At the end of the lane flowed the river, crossed by a wooden bridge.

Paul who was out of the car almost before it stopped, ran toward the barn. "The barn's locked," he announced, joining his aunt on the porch. "Let me knock, Auntie Jean. I can pound louder."

Knock after knock bringing no response, Aunt Jean tried the door. Like the barn door it was locked.

"I'm going to peep in at the window," said Paul. "I can stand on this stone. Why, here's a key under the stone. Shall we see if it will unlock the door, Auntie Jean?"

Aunt Jean looked from Paul to the little group watching them from the car. A sharp flash of lightning decided her. She took the key from Paul's hand and fitted it to the lock. The door, at first, hospitably refused to budge, but finally yielded to the combined efforts of the whole party. So sudden however was the yielding, that the little party all but fell headlong into the dark hallway. Paul who was ahead, pushed open a door leading from his hallway, when immediately came the challenge, "Who's there?"

"Somebody's in there," whispered Paul starting back.

"How can there be? Wasn't the door locked on the outside?" demanded Ethel.

"We seek shelter from the storm," said Aunt Jean, pushing the door wide open.

The room was empty.

Aunt Jean crossed the threshold, the children crowding close, when "I see you, see you," echoed through the room.

Everyone was so astonished, they stood quite still: when the room became still.

"Why, what," began Ethel, taking a step forward, when immediately came the words, "I see you. I see you."

"Well," declared Aunt Jean, meeting the amazed upturned faces of the children with a merry laugh, "things are certainly getting 'curiouser and curiouser.' Look!" pointing to a red and green parrot perched on top of the cupboard.

"Is it the bird talking?" asked Betty.

"What if it is? Who's afraid of a bird that talks?" said Paul, running into the next room, when the words, "It is queer, you are here," made him start back, for his room, like the other, was empty!

As everyone ran to join Paul, a medley of, "I see you. I see you!" and "It is queer, you are here!" broke out afresh.

"I think I know what it is," exclaimed Aunt Jean, "there is a clever device in the way of wiring under the floor, and some one of us treads upon a button which starts things going. Step softly, or we may put it out of order."

"Oh, look at the monkeys!" chorused the children, tip-toeing into the next room.

"One, two, three, four, five, six," counted Betty. "P'rhaps they'll talk when we talk."

But step on what portion of the floor they would, the monkeys, much to their disappointment, remained silent.

"I'm thankful for that," said Aunt Jean, sitting herself on the chintz-covered sofa.

"I'm not," declared Bobbie. "I wonder if a little boy lives in this house, here's a little chair."

(Continued on page 98)



(Continued from page 95)

"It's out of doors again," explained Muriel. "The sooner you are in your 'defy-the-cold' uniform, the sooner we'll let you in on the secret."

There was much hustling then. In less time than it takes to tell it every one was in his or her out-door togs and ready for the surprise, whatever it might be.

"Now!" John and Carl Lynott raised the covering, revealing a big pile of snowshoes.

"But we don't know how—we've never worn them," came in a chorus from all sides.

"We'll show you how," offered the brothers. "Better late than never, you know."

What fun they had fastening on the big basketwork affairs. But out in the fields the fun became strenuous work. Bob Tracey was a popular member of the Neighborhood Club, but—have you ever noticed how suggestive that little conjunction can be sometimes? Bob had one serious failing. The members of the group realized this, but as yet they had been unable to devise a means by which he should lose his boastful, bragging spirit without losing his ambition to excel.

The Club's hosts had brought along with the web snowshoes a few pairs of

skis. Muriel and Flossie each fitted on a pair skilfully, saying, "Come on, Bob, we'll show the rest of the crowd how the Norse young folks snowshoe."

"All right," he answered promptly. "See me do it. It looks easy enough."

"Keep them parallel, that's the secret," they shouted. "Now we're off." Muriel and Flossie glided swiftly over the snow like winter birds.

"Off but not on," suggested the other members of the group and the girls turned with a skilful maneuvering of their skis to behold a struggling mass of flying snow and waving staves where a moment before a boy had been. A flushed and somewhat disconcerted but by no means humbled lad proceeded with rather more caution and did better.

"See me now," boasted Bob after quite a lengthy run, "I said it was easy, once you got the hang of it."

Unfortunately for Bob's pride and self-assurance, he stopped at this moment to watch his comrades' misadventures.

He never knew just what happened then, but somehow those deceitful skis tangled themselves all up and flashed upward toward the heavens, precipitating the boy in an ignominious heap on the ground.

(Continued on page 98)



Dear Letter-writers:—Another batch of letters for you to read!

BARNSTABLE, MASS.
Dear Miss Buck:—I wrote to you once before and got a Beacon pin but I lost it, so would you send me one more? We are going to have a little play for the Barnstable Woman's Club and for the mothers. Geraldine and I are going to be in it. They are going to have it in the Village Hall. I am eight and my sister is six. I am in the third grade and my sister is in the first grade. My mother made up the play that we are going to have. We have a little dog called Paddy and he loves the water so that it is hard work to keep him out of it. There is a limb on our telegraph wire and I am afraid it will break it, and my father is too. I will say good-bye now,
With love from

MARJORIE LOVELL.
P.S. Ask some girl my age to write to me, please.

215 W. 4TH ST.,
TOPEKA, KANSAS.
Dear Miss Buck:—Can a four-year old girl join The Beacon Club and have one of the pretty pins to wear? My two brothers are writing to join today. We go to Dr. Gray's Unitarian church on Topeka Blvd. We have a nursery class which takes care of the babies while the mothers attend the church service. Mother is writing for me. This is my first letter.

Thanking you,
RUBY JANE BUSH.

FAIRHAVEN, MASS.
Dear Miss Buck:—I would like to become a member of The Beacon Club. I am eleven years old and I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. My teacher's name is Miss Mosgrove and our superintendent is Mr. Stetson. I am sending a little story I made up. I thought I would like to enter for The Beacon Club Award. I would like to correspond with some one my age.

Love,
ELEANOR FLETCHER.

(Continued from page 97)

"Yes, it's easy—after you get the hang of it," agreed Muriel, while she helped Bob disentangle himself.

Somebody was human enough to joke about "our winged Mercury" and the title stuck for the rest of the afternoon.

Only Muriel with a good-hearted intuition of her schoolmate's thoughts noticed the setting of the jaw that told of a firm if less self-satisfied determination to master a difficult art.

Later, trooping back to the house, they found the diningroom doors thrown wide, revealing tables laden with big pitchers of rich milk and small pitchers of cream, with golden-brown chickens just from the oven and plates heaped high with rolls snowy white and crisp dark bread sweet and nutritious, with, in between, mounds of shining apples in which the sunlight of summer and autumn still lingered.

"Let's snowshoe back to the autos at the crossroads," some one suggested when the Club broke up in the early evening.

"All right," the farm boys answered, "only we'll take old Dobbin along with us

Dear Cubs:—Two poems that Jennie Kribstock sent in are so very good that we are going to print one of them, but doubly thank her for her fine work with The Beacon Club Award.

THANKSGIVING

BY JENNIE M. KRIBSTOCK

Frosty morning now-a-days,
Better have a care;
Get your taters gathered in,
Thanksgiving's in the air.

Throw the shed clean full of wood,
Pile in more and more.
Winter's just around the bend—
Thanksgiving's at the door.

Shoo the turkeys in the coop,
Pick the biggest one;
Cider mill's a-working fine,
Mince-meat nearly done.

Thank the Lord for everything.
Mandy, what you say?
Mighty good to be alive
This Thanksgiving day.

to give you a lift if the distance gets to seeming over long."

How wonderfully the splendor of the winter night broke upon them—a marvelous pageantry of shining, snow-covered hills and fields. It was a happy crowd that reached the crossroads at last.

"Let's give our hosts and hostesses a vote of thanks for introducing us to winter," proposed Hazel Ferguson. "All agreed, please say Aye."

And the hills echoed and re-echoed with the fresh young voices.

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"Sit down and see if you can be quiet for a moment," suggested Ethel.

Bobbie sat down, and the instant he did, lively music began to play. And then no one was quiet, for everyone made a dash for a chair. But not a chair, with the exception of Bobbie's, gave forth a sound.

"I'm going in the other room and make the parrot talk," announced Paul. As he spoke, he leaned upon the arm of the chair on which he sat, when the arm sprang back, and out of a recess thus exposed, fell a shower of gold pieces.

"Paul, what have you done!" cried Aunt Jean.

"I didn't do anything," an astounded Paul was beginning, when upon the outer door sounded a loud rapping. Close upon the rapping, came the challenge, "Who's there?" Following the challenge, came the call, "I see you. I see you!" Instantly, with the call, footsteps were heard.

Wonderingly the children looked from each other to Aunt Jean, and back again to the doorway.

A moment passed. The next, two persons stood framed in the doorway.

(To be continued)

MORE PUZZLES

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 12, 11, 13 is to spade.
My 7, 8, 9, 10 is not warm.
My 10, 11, 12 is a cover.
My 4, 5, 6, 14 is a running plant.
My 2, 3, 10 means the whole.
My 4, 2, 5, 6 is proud.
My 1, 2, 3 is an abbreviation for a western state.
My whole is the name of one who was nominated for President.

PHILIP ERBECK.

HIDDEN BIRDS

1. They taught him art in Italy.
2. Let Ralph hoe between the rows.
3. Into evil ways enter not.
4. They urged her on.
5. When did that occur, Lewis?
6. Lo! on the summit stood a deer.
7. Our pet relishes meat.
8. He approached the sea gleefully.
9. The negro used much cunning.
10. Oh! awkward boy, be careful!

E. A. CALL.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 15

ENIGMA—A boy and a dog are hard to part.
TWISTED GARDEN FLOWERS—Hollyhocks. 2. Sweet Williams. 3. Marigold. 4. Bachelor's Buttons. 5. Lilacs. 6. Hyacinths. 7. Roses. 8. Tulips.

Answer to Last Week's Cross Word Puzzle

X	1	h	2	a	3	t	X	4	p	5	a	6	t	X
7	n	o	t	e	X	8	a	p	e	9	e			
10	a	m	x	a	i	l	X	11	n	e				
13	6	e	a	m	X	15	e	i	t	e				
X	X	l	X	X	X	m	X	X						
17	18	i	l	19	l	X	20	a	p	21	o	22	t	
23	24	t	X	25	e	r	a	X	26	a	h			
27	28	t	29	a	X	30	l	31	a	t	e			
X	m	o	p	X	32	e	d	a	X					

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because of their earnings from the wash-cloths.

At the close, Dick opened his arms wide and they all crowded in.

"Good Old Faithfuls!" he said with pride. "My Good Old Faithfuls!"

"Even to the twins," whispered Nadine. "Dickie they haven't had a single lollipop all summer!"

"Not one!" marveled Dick, taking each twin by a chubby little hand. "Well, if The Good Old Faithful Wash-cloth Company can arrange to close business for about twenty minutes I'd like to have the pleasure of escorting it to the corner candy store. Treats are on me. Ice cream, ginger ale, lollipops—it shall have anything it likes! There is nothing too good for The Good Old Faithful Wash-cloth Company—let me tell the world!"